

The 21 Senses Student Models

Sight Quote

The eye is the window of the human body through which it feels its way and enjoys the beauty of the world.

Leonardo Da Vinci

Sense of Sight

Below the tree's green leaves, shafts of light slant toward the ground. Dust particles, like muted diamonds, swim, circling upward. These glowing bits of dust spin dizzily up the streams of light until they climb, swirling into the tree's canopy of heavy shade.

Sense of Taste

I sneak the Kit-Kat bar into my mouth. My tongue cuddles the river of smooth, creamy chocolate. My taste buds quietly do the Macarena. Gently, I toss the chocolate, top to bottom, side to side. Suddenly, I break into the wafer like you would break into the soft shell of a coconut. The spongy wafer scratches my tongue. My tongue mindlessly snaps back. The wafer crackles like paper in a fire. Then the river of chocolate floats away and my taste buds squeal with delight, "Eating you was an honor. Please come again." But a new river appears and my taste buds continue the Macarena.

Sense of Taste

I grabbed a tortilla, dipped it in the mole and slowly

pushed it into my mouth. The spices of the mole swam on my tongue. When the mole touched my tongue it screamed, "I'm getting burned." The taste of the sweet masa in the tortilla erased the spiciness of the mole. My tongue thanked the tortilla and I took a drink of mango and strawberry juice to refresh my mouth.

Smell Quote:

Smell is a potent wizard that transports us across thousands of miles and all the years we have live. The odors of fruits waft me to my southern home, to my childhood frolics in the peach orchard. Other odors, instantaneous and fleeting, cause my heart to dilate joyously or contract with remembered grief.

Even as I think of smells, my nose is full of scents that start awake sweet memories of summers gone and ripening fields far away.

Helen Keller

Sense of Smell

The scent of homemade tamales with spicy pepper and chicken meanders through my impatient nose. As my nose begs for more, the smell grows more powerful than a thunderbolt. The spicy smell tickles my nose until I sneeze. As I move closer to the kitchen, my nose sings me a thank you song. The juicy chicken covered with salsa and masa warms my nose like a caring mother.

Touch Quote

Touch seems to be as essential as sunlight.Diane Ackerman

Sense of Touch

I run my hand along his bumpy spine, a mountain range on his back. His fur is soft and soothing, a thick forest awaiting ticks and fleas. His tail lashes out at me like a whip, then curls around me like a boa constrictor. I run my hand

back up to his head to his silky ears. Soon I discover his second set of eyes, which first jab at me, then flip back to their home. I slowly slip a light finger across his cold nose, a wet marble imbedded in his face. When I reach his mouth, he sticks out his rough as sandpaper tongue that warmly licks me with love.

Sense of Touch

Gripping the steel bar against my warm palm, I twirl once more. My hands scream for mercy. As I complete the last turn, my skin rips open and puss oozes out. My hands sting like a thousand needles jabbing into my raw calluses. I charge to the bathroom and trickle icy water over my wounds. It soothes my throbbing hands.

Hearing Quote

The mind is for seeing, the heart is for hearing...Saudi Arabian Proverb

Sense of Hearing

“And they’re off!” Out of the gate, the blur of vibrant colors swiftly flies by me. The beautiful four legged athletes push the envelope to maximize their speed. The pounding of the dirt jars the earth.

“GO, GO, GO!” all the fans holler. The herd roars into the first turn, blasts through the second turn, and thunders past the third turn. The controlled stampede rumbles on. Home stretch. They see the finish line. They kick into overdrive. It’s neck and neck. My heart starts racing. Who’s going to win? “It’s Thunderbolt!”

“Yes,” I scream.

Senses Quote:

For convenience, and perhaps in a kind of mental pout about how thickly demanding just being alive is, we say there are five senses. Yet we know there are more, should we but wish to explore and canonize them...Diane Ackerman

Sense of General

Six chickens roam around the yard pecking for leftover corn hidden under the grass, getting the dog riled up. A pregnant goat butts her goat friend Norman. A cat on the roof ponders whether she should pounce or not. A girl chases her bird trying to stop it from straying outside. Another bird takes off on her first flight. She flies straight toward the window headfirst and slides down the glass. Suddenly, she realizes it is not a doorway. Thump! Stunned, she falls to the ground. Anyone can tell I would love to be a farmer if I could get my animals under control!

Sense of General

As we slide down the icy street, we notice an array of twinkling lights on every house. The road is like a winter wonderland when the multicolored lights turn icicles into vibrant stars. The snow glistens like the heavens above and children take their final plunges down the frosted hills. Families proudly drag home big and little pine trees. You can feel the joyous spirit in the air and hear old St. Nick's jolly, "Ho, ho, ho!" The voices of carolers ring out in the night air. You know Christmas can't be far away.

Sense of Specific

My two black chickens often run wildly around the yard together chasing butterflies. The two black chickens that are exactly the same size do everything together. They often get chased by the dog together, go into the goat pen

together and even sleep together. I just can't tell them apart. One day, as I was observing them laying eggs together, I looked at one more closely. To my surprise, I noticed one had a more nincompoopish, nobody is home look on her face. Now I can tell them apart.

Sense of Problem

Last week I took my goat Hazel for a walk around the yard. She was looking for her favorite thing to eat, pine tree. She spotted the tree at the furthest point in our backyard and took off while the leash snaked itself around my ankle. I thought it would come loose and slip off. Unfortunately, it didn't. While Hazel raced around the corner, I did too, face down, eating dirt. Hazel chased her tail as she ran toward the tree. I let out a scream and Hazel stopped, turned her head, perked up her ears, and stared right at me. I glared back, got up and unleashed myself. Hazel ran toward her pine tree, but the knot in the leash got stuck under a rack stacked with buckets and stopped her in right in her tracks. She jerked her head back and coughed a pretend, "I'm choking!" The buckets on the rack all fell over and hit the ground with a thunderous crash. Hazel startled, jumped and ran full speed back to her pen, forgetting all about her waiting pine tree.

Sense of People

The boy with the cornflower hair sits in the corner of the class. Chewing on his pencil, he waits for an idea to fly through his mind and onto the paper. The boy taps his pencil on his blank, unmarked paper that is lying on his desktop. He stares at the clock with his forest green eyes, waiting for class to end. The bell rings. The boy with the cornflower hair sighs and walks out the room.

Sense of People

Dear Christian,

I am writing you this letter because I want you to stop annoying me. You're always taking my belongings and watching my TV. Why do you always try to get me in trouble when it's your fault? Even if I put water down your pants while you're sleeping, I don't think you should bug me.

I'm sorry for accidentally calling you a girl because you have long hair. I'm also sorry that I pushed you and knocked you down while we were playing tag. I have to go now. I can't wait until I see you again.

Your

Cousin

Sense of People

The ninety five year old woman rocking back and forth in her creaky chair silently traveled into the warm pages of her book. She ran her delicate fingers through the thin dangling gray hair that brushed against her faded green and white checkered shirt. After so many years, her ocean blue eyes set in her wrinkled face still twinkled as she read the words on in her book. Soon, she grew tired and quietly drifted off to sleep.

Sense of Irony

Kermit sped through a triathlon at the 2003 Summer Olympics, sweat rolling down his slimy green skin. He led the pack of athletes from many countries, Kenya, France, Brazil and Australia. He was hopping hurdles when he turned a corner and there, in the bright sunlight, was the

finish line. He leaped onto a bike and peddled off his tiny toothpick legs. The little froggy was about to cross the finish line when Miss Piggy suddenly toppled over him, sending him crashing to the ground.

Sense of Irony

A teenage boy gave a twenty dollar bill to the clerk to purchase an Eminem CD. He wrapped his fingers around it and started taking off the wrapper bit by bit. He skipped out the store with a 100% smile on his face. He walked down the street and began placing his new CD in his CD player. He was staring down when, all of a sudden, he bumped into a pole and dropped his CD down the storm drain.

Sense of Language

“What’s up homie?”

“Not much man.”

“Yo, I hear Tony Hawk is coming to the skate park.”

“Who’s that?”

“He’s some totally radical pro skater.”

“Cool man, let’s hit the skate park.”

Sense of Detachment

It was the month of October when my mom heard the awful news. My grandma called and said, “Your grandfather died yesterday and tomorrow we are going to

bury him.” When my mom finished talking to my grandma, she started to cry with all her might because she had warm memories of her grandpa. She remembered when he protected her from her mother when she wanted to hit her for no reason, and best of all she remembered that he showered her with love. I wanted to do something, but couldn’t. The way she felt was different from me, and I couldn’t take away her pain. All I could do was watch.

Sense of Detachment

I stare into your pained blue eyes. I see sadness yet acceptance that your time here has ended. When you leave, no more struggle, no more pain. I can only hold your clammy hand, trying to grasp it for eternity. I watch every part of you die, bit by bit. Eyes shut. Last thought. Last breath. I hold you even tighter like the world might end, and it did end when you left us behind with only photographs and memories.

Sense of Reader

Dear Charley, Carlos and C.K.,

Can you not sleep on my bladder every night? It makes me have to go pee really bad. Charlie, can you not sleep on my feet? They fall asleep and feel as if one hundred needles are stabbing them, which really hurts. Can you all lie to one side so I can turn without being clawed and hissed at. When you lie on my head, stomach and feet, it makes me feel like I’m sleeping under a ten ton bear. Besides that, you guys are great!

Love,
Your Owner

Sense of Reader

Dear Grandma Sadie,

How is heaven? You have only been gone for seven months, but it seems like you have been gone forever. We all miss you like the flowers miss the sunshine on a foggy day, like a rose misses its petals. Even if you are not living in the same old house, or the same Danish town, or even the same planet, you dwell in a better place. I am happy that you finally joined Grandpa Eddy. I have to go now, but I will write again soon.

Love,
Your

Granddaughter

Sense of History

My great grandfather was a radar engineer in World War II. I have heard many stories about his adventures from him as well as my mother and grandmother. This story is about his escape from a sinking ship.

Hubert Kertz was on board his battleship when enemies fired at the hold and the ship started to slowly sink. He hurried down to the galley and unscrewed the clock from the wall. He then ran back up to the deck and jumped overboard. He made it safely back to shore with the clock tucked under his arm. When he finally made it home, the clock wasn't working, but that was soon fixed. My great grandfather still has that clock hanging on his kitchen wall.

Sense of Skepticism

We've solved problems, freed slaves. We've had many

men and women encourage us and share their dreams. We've had amazing miracles happen. We've had men walk on the moon and watched people leave for war. We've had presidents come and presidents go, but not one has left without a change of heart and a change of soul. We are free to believe in what we wish and everyone has the right to have an education. We are good neighbors helping anyone who calls upon use. Anyone who wants to be a part of the United States can. Tell me then, why destroy it?

Sense of Implication

With the box in one hand and a rose in the other, he stands, back toward the bay, face toward the rolling hill. He knows he is about to decide his future. He waits patiently for her arrival. When she appears at the top of the hill, she walks toward him, clueless, yet excited about what is about to happen. She approaches. He kneels down on one knee and asks her the most important question of their lives.

Sense of Involvement

I look outside and see my frisky cat Mo, standing on the fountain wall looking up at the playful birds. I do not want her to catch a precious, innocent bird. So I open the cabinet under the sink and grab the water spray bottle. I open the sliding door, which catches her attention. I slowly jog toward her. She sees the spray bottle in my hand and knows what I am about to do with it. She anxiously jumps up onto the fence. Then she plops down on the other side with a thud. I proudly say in my head, "Yeah! I saved a bird!"

21 Senses +

Sense of Woods

I climb the cool, slippery rocks and jump from log to log. I sprint across the foot numbing water of a cold morning stream. I'm all alone. As I shimmy up the rocks along the steep falls, pebbles rain on my head.

Triumphantly, I make my way to the top. As I walk the surrounding woods, I am pricked by the needles of many small pine trees. I am drawn to the center of a clearing where I take a seat in the grass, still moist from morning dew. I notice a herd of deer filing meekly into the clearing. Listening to the rhythm of the far off waterfall, I slip into a restful slumber.

Sense of Neatness

The twitchy woman glides the mop across the spotless floor, everything perfect...until she spots with her naked eye, a sock, not just any sock, but a dirty one. The woman gasps in horror and grabs a clean pair of gloves. In disgust, she carefully plucks the mud-encrusted sock from the newly washed floor and dumps it into the trash. No more clean, sanitary floor. So, she grabs the mop and repeats the process.

Sense of Snowflake

Ping, ping. All around me I listen to the graceful sound of snowflakes calmly drifting to the ground. Gradually gliding down from the sky, they blanket the land. Looking like delicate lace, they softly sprinkle the tip of my wet

tongue, like powdered sugar on a cake. Each snowflake is a shimmering diamond lighting up this peaceful wonderland.

Sense of Metaphor

I am the deserted castle, forgotten and still aging. I'm a cloud wandering through the sky like a lost puppy. I am a ship descending into the underwater mountains. I'm a hidden cave, pristine, untouched and unseen. I am a meteor hurling through space to an unknown destination. I am the icy water of the Atlantic, eternal. I am the crevices in a volcano, hidden from all who trespass. I am the gem, who was ripped away from my family.

Sense of Desire

Five year-old Matt was walking down the avenue when a Jaguar XKE drove by. He suddenly screamed out, **"I want that!"** His mother quieted him. While walking by an ice cream store he again yelled, **"I want that!"** His mother quieted him for a second time. As they passed in front of the toy store, Matt pointed to a toy in the window and screeched, **"I want that!"** Later that night when Lydia, his baby sitter was struggling to put the little monster to sleep in his blue racecar bed, he yelled, for the first time ever, **"I don't want that!"**